

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### THE MANIAC.

Alas, poor maid, thy hapless tale to hear,  
What heart so hard as not to bestow a tear,  
And mourn to see a rose so young and sweet,  
Exposed to every blast—by every tempest beat.

Behold, as she strives her sorrows to speak,  
Contending griefs in her bosom rise;  
The tear falls fast on her faded cheek,  
And in silence the plaintive murmur dies.

"Ah! say," she cries, "is he far away—  
In his bosom with'd with the dashing spray,  
And his sorrows sooth'd with the sea nymph's play,  
Whilst I am left to weep?"

"Does he think—does he think, no more of me,  
While his heart is sooth'd with the mermaid's glee,  
And his glowing blood in the cooling sea,  
Far down in the deep blue deep?"

"No—he calls me—he loves me well—  
I come, oh! I come, love, with thee to dwell,  
In the ethereal sea, and the coral cell."

She hangs o'er the foaming depths below,  
And sings and smiles though her tears of woe,  
As wildly around her arms she flung,  
And her pale, pale hand in agony wrung.

But ah! that smile—that frantic air,  
An emblem of despair;  
More chill, more pale is now that cheek,  
Where once the bloom of health did seek  
To imitate the rose.

Her bosom trembles wildly now,  
O'er a bosom white as the new fallen snow;  
And oft in her breast would her fingers rise,  
To press them back from her weeping eyes,  
Which speak her many woes.

Alas! poor girl, it was not meet,  
Thy soul should be the winding sheet,  
Of a heart where love's coldness did wait,  
And which well deserved a better fate;

But the waves that dash o'er the rocks below,  
The hapless end of the maiden's woe;  
And the traveller passing by the sad place,  
Still shuddering, hides his pensive face:  
Or e'er the precipice looks with fear,  
And weeps for the maiden that wanders there.

X. Y. C.

TO—  
Tis past—the links that bound me  
Are given away from my soul—  
Thou that affection twined round me,  
No longer obey thy control.

Thou memory may still wreathe the hours  
Of bliss, I have pass'd near thee,  
With a chaplet of choicest flowers  
That smile in the mountain's glee.

Yet ev'ning will find them faded,  
Their beauty—their lustre gone,  
Like the heart that remembrance hath shaded  
With visions of happiness flown.

O woman! the idol—the theme—  
Of one who lov'd in thy smile;  
Thy unkindness has wak'd from a dream  
That promised his heart to beguile.

I have worshipp'd—that passion has past,  
But traces, deep-marked, remain—  
A phantom too lovely to last,  
It has fled and left me to pain!

O'er the wreck of hopes blighted, I sigh,  
That affections so ardent, so cherish'd,  
As those that have erst lit thine eye,  
Have faded—and fled, and perished.

D.

SERENADE.  
Lady love—lady love—with bright azure eyes,  
Oh! quick from thy pillow, my lovely one rise;  
The night is calm, and the moon's shining clear,  
Thy lover is waiting—love waits thee here.

Thy lover is waiting—love waits thee here,  
Thy lover is waiting—love waits thee here,  
Thy lover is waiting—love waits thee here,  
Thy lover is waiting—love waits thee here.

Oh! listen, oh! listen, to love's tender lay,  
For never did mortal his soft guitar string  
To a half so pure, as the lay I now sing.  
Then lady love—lady love—quickly arise,  
With consent on thy lips, love's soft beam on  
Thy eyes.

My lady love—lady love—open thine eyes—  
Heedst thou my sorrow, heart's true sighs;  
Thy father is cruel—the night's wearing fast,  
One look from thee, lady, it may be the last.

To-morrow's eve views me on billowy sea,  
Afar from my country—afar, love, from thee.  
Thou'rt coming! I see thee—for me thou'rt here,  
Consent on thy lips, love's soft beam on thine eyes  
Thou'rt here—oh! kind one, thou'rt hast'ning to me.

To cheer thy sad lover's dark path o'er the sea.

SELM.

THE EXILE.  
The sun's parting beam trembled light on the  
waves,  
O'er whose bosom the Exile is destined to roam;  
The deep sigh of anguish he mournfully breathes,  
As painful, tho' fond recollection revives  
The scenes of his life and his dearly loved home.

Oh! God, he exclaimed, and with looks of despair,  
Shall this heart be oppression and tyranny torn;  
Shall exile, be cast on the world's chilling care;  
Shall hostile butchers thus merciless roar  
Me from all I hold dear, with no hope to return.

Roll on sinking orb, to thy naid pillow'd throne—  
Thy beams to the heart of affliction be lost;  
Every feeling of bliss from its current hath flown,  
All now seem as dross as the waves sullen foam,  
O'er whose perilous bosom my frail bark is tost.

How furious, relentless, is tyranny's power,  
To banish, to tear me from all I revere;  
Ah! when will the reign of oppression give o'er,  
When vanish those dark rushing sorrows that  
leer,  
And the sweet smile of hope, and of joy, re-  
appear.

Now ye winds, bear me o'er to some far distant  
isle,  
Where frowns of hostility ne'er may encroach;  
Where peace once again with her pleasures may  
smile,  
Nor misery's rude piercing arrows assail,  
Or shriek that heart at a tyrant's approach.

Adieu to my country—and friendship adieu,  
Thou' now an Exile, I'm borne on the wave;  
Yet oft will the pangs of remembrance renew  
Every scene of endearment that binds me to you,  
Till this bosom shall sink in the home of the grave.

EILEEN.

## THE MORALIST.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
ESSAY—No. 6.

Of all the passions which invade and rankle  
in the human breast, there is not one so de-  
structive of the mind's peace as Envy. It is  
an enemy to that inward quiet, without which  
it is impossible for any one to participate in,  
or enjoy any comfort or happiness whatever.

An envious man is never contented or happy,  
because his heart is rendered unfit, and is in-  
capacitated to experience any pleasure or  
peace by being the seat of envy, which pre-  
dominates over him, governs him with an ab-  
solute sway, and makes him a prey to discon-  
tent and disquietude. An envious man grieves  
at another's prosperity. If his neighbour is  
happy, or is enjoying any comforts from which  
he is excluded, he grudges him that happi-  
ness and comfort, and secretly wishes his  
downfall.

The man who is envious, is griev-  
ed and perplexed at the welfare of his fellow-  
man—is troubled and vexed if he is fortunate,  
and the more of the good things of this world  
his fellow is enjoying, the more is he tor-  
mented and dissatisfied. If he hears another  
well spoken of, or praised, he feels an inward  
pang—an inward jealousy; he feels a desire,  
and indulges a wish to hear his character tra-  
duced and aspersed, and to see him sunk in  
the estimation of those by whom he is so  
highly eulogized, and who evince towards him  
so many marks of respect and esteem.

That superior excellence, and purity of char-  
acter, which the man of envy believes in  
others, and to which he feels confident he can  
never pretend, stings him to the heart, and  
mortifies him to the very soul. Well aware  
of the littleness and worthlessness of his own  
character, he will resort to every mean, how-  
ever base, to cast an odium on, and if possi-  
ble, to consign to obloquy, the reputation of those  
who are esteemed and respected, and whose  
meritorious deeds entitle them to the praise  
of a good will of all worthy persons. Every  
stratagem will be used by him to tumble  
them from that high eminence on which they  
stand, and to which he knows full well he can  
never reach. The envious man will level the  
poisoned shaft of slander and scandal at him  
whom he envies, and will call in the aid of  
falseness and sophistry, in order to support  
him in his vile purpose. He will endeavour  
to wrest from his more fortunate fellow, that  
without which life is irksome—without which  
wealth is as nothing—that which bears man  
through the various and changeable scenes of  
fortune—that which is dearer, and far more  
valuable than life itself—his good name.

Envy is a passion which knows no rest—  
knows no happiness. It is a trait of character  
which renders its possessor a constant victim  
to uneasiness and disquietude. If the man of  
envy sees that in another to which he cannot  
attain, he becomes so tortured by that ex-  
ecrable feeling which dwells within his breast,  
that he will adopt any measure, however  
foul, which he thinks can contribute to injure  
or disparage the good name of the object of  
his uneasiness, and will seize with eagerness  
upon every opportunity which he flatters  
himself will in the least accelerate his wicked  
and unprincipled design. Envy is a source  
from whence originates many of those evils  
which infect mankind, and hurries them into the  
commission of deeds which darken the human  
character—deeds at which humanity shud-  
ders, and from which every man of equity  
and morality turns with disgust. From envy  
emanates that mean selfishness which wishes  
to engross all to self, and wishes to monopol-  
ize every thing to the total exclusion of  
others. "Base envy withers at another's joy,  
and hates that excellence it cannot reach."

It wishes no one well—it wishes no one to  
prosper—it wishes, if possible, to mar the  
happiness, and depress the joy of every one,  
and is disposed, like the fabled basilisk, if not  
physically, at least morally, to kill any one on  
whom it darts its malignant glance. From envy  
springs a desire of revenge, and to what  
a number of fatal consequences has that  
latter passion led, and how often has it ner-  
ved the arm of one man to bury the dagger in  
the bosom of his fellow man. Envy is the pa-  
rent of slander, which has deprived many a  
one of their property, and was a still a greater  
loss, character—which has robbed many a  
family of its peace and happiness, and which  
has bereaved many a domestic circle of that  
content and mutual love which they were en-  
joying, but which has been blasted by the  
foul tongue of slander. Many other evils,  
which have led to equally as fatal conse-  
quences, might be enumerated, which have origi-  
nated from, and have owed their birth to  
envy. Envy is not solely confined to the ig-  
norant, but has often found access into the  
bosoms of men whose literary and scientific  
acquirements would be thought sufficient to  
make them spurn a feeling so dishonourable,  
and so unworthy their character—whose edu-  
cation should have been a barrier between  
them and it. We have had instances of men  
who, notwithstanding their knowledge and

erudition, have been often actuated by, and  
have sacrificed many a sentiment at the shrine  
of envy. There have been men of talents,  
whose names rank first on the classic list, sev-  
eral of whose actions, if traced through their  
different sinuities, would be found to have  
owed their origin to that destructive passion.  
Nature its mother, habit its nurse,  
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;  
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,  
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more  
sour.

Envy dwells only in the breasts of mean  
and ungenerous men. A truly honourable  
man will repel its suggestions with firmness,  
because he knows it to run counter to that  
nobleness and generosity of soul which charac-  
terize him whom honour guides. Any man  
whose honour is not spurious, will wish to see  
all around him prosperous and happy, and  
will not envy and hate his neighbour merely  
because fortune has smiled upon him more  
propitiously, or dealt out her gifts to him in  
greater abundance.

DATAMES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SLAVERY.  
Messrs. Editors.—The editorial remarks  
upon Slavery, in your last number, has led me  
again to write upon that subject, and I hope  
your readers will excuse an American for  
bringing it once more before them—it is one  
which justly claims the attention of every citi-  
zen whose honor is impeached, and whose  
interest is at stake, by the existence of Slavery  
in our otherwise happy and virtuous country.

While joining in the celebration of the  
forty ninth Anniversary of our National Free-  
dom, and after listening to the "Declaration  
of Independence," I gazed upon the audience  
to whom it had been just read, to ascertain  
whether I could perceive in their counte-  
nances any indication that they remembered,  
that at that very moment there existed in our  
country no less than "a million and a half  
of Slaves, wearing a chain much more  
galling than that of our fathers, when with  
their hearts up to heaven, and their swords in  
their hands, they resolved to die, or to be free."

I thought (perhaps it was fancy) that I could  
perceive a blush—well, my countrymen, I men-  
tioned, well may ye blush for your  
country's ingratitude to God and injustice to  
man. The "awful subject of Slavery" held pos-  
session of my mind, and I could not participate  
in the pleasure which the orator before me  
presented. Ah, methought, when his elo-  
quence shone most conspicuous in depicting  
the insults and wrongs which our fathers en-  
dured from the iron hand of tyranny and op-  
pression, strange that he should forget the  
injured and oppressed African now in bondage,  
the clanking of whose chains are heard amidst  
our National Jubilee, which, far more elo-  
quence than words, invokes the intercession  
of every philanthropic heart, and whose bat-  
tles, and sighs, and groans, ascend on  
high before the throne of the compassionate  
and ever righteous God.

Since then I have read a verbal oration,  
which were delivered on that day; and I am  
pleased to find that all have not forgotten the  
poor African, whose emancipation from Ameri-  
can Slavery is a theme well worthy the orator.

I have also read with much satisfaction, a  
sermon on Slavery, which was preached in the  
seventh Presbyterian church in this city, at an  
united meeting of Christians of different reli-  
gious persuasions, to celebrate the National  
Independence, on the 4th of July last, by the  
Rev. James Patterson. This sermon, as might  
be expected from the Rev. Author, is well  
calculated to aid very much the friends of  
emancipation, who will be happy to learn,  
that it is published and already sent abroad in  
the world.

Permit me humbly to suggest, which is my  
design at present, in writing to those who may  
publicly officiate on the birth day of our  
National Liberty, whether in the sanctuary of  
God, or in any other place, the importance of  
introducing the subject of American National  
Independence, on the 4th of July last, by the  
Rev. James Patterson. This sermon, as might  
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that it is published and already sent abroad in  
the world.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
For the gratification of such of your nu-  
merous readers, who may feel an interest  
in the subject of Slavery, I have induced to  
extract the following authentic account of the  
Wilmington Massacre, from Marshall's life  
of Washington—vide page 553.

The scene of greatest misery and suffering  
was Wilmington. This is a tract of country  
lying on both sides of the Susquehanna, which  
was claimed by Connecticut and Pennsylvania,  
and was settled by emigrants from the former  
of those states, who were said to have pur-  
chased the land from the Indian proprietors.  
This settlement which had flourished in a re-  
markable degree, contained upwards of a  
thousand families, and had furnished it, as well  
nearly that number of soldiers to the continen-  
tal army, besides garrisons for the forts they  
had erected in their country for their own  
security. Unfortunately they had not been ex-  
empted from those political divisions, which  
carried to an excess, poison the source of all  
human felicity, destroy those sweet affections  
which attach members of the same family to  
each other, and plant the most deadly hate  
where nature or early habits had sown the  
seeds of harmony and love.

While the great body of the settlement  
joined their countrymen in the existing con-  
test, and man fostered a degree of zeal equal to  
that which was displayed in any other part  
of the union, some few adhered to the royal  
cause. Encouraged by their distance from  
the military force of the nation, and stimulated  
perhaps by their neighbours in Canada, they  
did not conceal their motives or their objects,  
and, having experienced what they deemed  
severity, many of them were induced at an  
early period of the war, to take refuge among  
the neighbouring Indians, or at the posts oc-  
cupied by the British. Their numbers gra-  
dually increased, and their resentments sus-  
tained no diminution. At their head was a  
Colonel John Butler, the cousin of Colonel

Zebulon Butler, the gentleman who was in  
command in the militia of Wyoming.

The commencement of the year had furnish-  
ed a new indication of hostile designs on the part  
of the Indians, but as the time approached  
when the great host they meditated was to be  
given, the cunning policy of increasing its  
effect, by killing into security those against  
whom it was to be directed, was successfully  
resorted to. Several messengers came in  
from the hostile tribes, charged with assur-  
ances of their peaceful dispositions, and But-  
ter himself, in a numerous assemblage of  
savages, declared in their peculiar language,  
that he was about to withdraw to Detroit, "his  
hand being too short to do any thing this year."

Their designs, however, were penetrated;  
and it was said that letters were dispatched to  
Congress and the General, stating the danger,  
which threatened that frontier. Their letters  
were unfortunately intercepted by the Tories  
of Pennsylvania. Meanwhile, the inhabitants  
for their security, took refuge in their forts.

On the first of July, a body supposed to be  
nearly sixteen hundred strong, composed of  
about three hundred Indians, led by their own  
chiefs, and a number of Tories, painted like  
Indians, under the command of Colonel John  
Butler, broke into the Wyoming settlement,  
and obtained easy possession of one of the two  
upper forts which being garrisoned, was de-  
livered up without opposition—the other was  
taken.

The two principal forts, Kingston and Wilkes-  
barre, were near each other, on opposite sides  
of the river. Colonel Zebulon Butler, march-  
ing into Kingston with the greatest part of the  
armed force of the country, and a number of  
women and children took refuge in the same  
place. After rejecting a summons to surren-  
der, he proposed a parley, and a place at some  
distance from the fort was agreed on for a  
meeting of the chiefs. He marched out with  
four hundred men to the place appointed,  
where no person was found on the part of the  
enemy; but at a still greater distance from the  
fort, at the foot of a mountain, a flag was ex-  
hibited, which returned as he approached, as if  
apprehensive of danger from the army.

Colonel Butler continued to advance until he  
found himself almost enveloped by the enemy,  
who ran and fired on him; notwithstanding the  
effect to be expected from such circumstances,  
his troops displayed such a degree of firm-  
ness, and acquitted themselves with so much  
resolution, that the advantage was rather on  
their side, when a soldier either through  
treachery or cowardice, cried out "the Colonel  
has ordered a retreat." Immediate confusion  
was succeeded by a total rout. The troops  
fled to the river, which they endeavored  
to pass, in order to enter Fort Wilkesbarre;  
the enemy pursued "with the fury of devils,"  
and of the four hundred who had marched out  
on this unfortunate parley, only about twenty  
escaped. Fort Kingston was immediately in-  
vested, and to increase the terror of the gar-  
rison, and impress on them the horrors of their  
situation, the green and bleeding scalps of  
their murdered countrymen were sent in for  
their inspection.

Colonel Zebulon Butler, having withdrawn  
himself and family down the river, Colonel  
Dunsmuir, the commanding officer, went out  
with a flag to enquire of the officer command-  
ing the besiegers, what terms would be allowed  
to the garrison on surrendering the fort; uniting  
to spartan brevity more than cannibal ferocity,  
this intrepid savage answered in two words,  
"the hatchet." Having great part of his  
garrison being unable to hold out longer, and  
not supposing it possible that the unrelenting  
could be coolly and deliberately massacred,  
Colonel Dunsmuir surrendered at discretion.—  
He misunderstood the character of those to  
whose hands he had fallen. The threat of  
Butler was executed with scrupulous punctu-  
ality. After selecting a few prisoners, the  
great body of the people in the fort were en-  
closed in the houses, fire was applied to them,  
and they were consumed together.

Butter then passed over to Wilkesbarre,  
which was surrounded without resistance. This  
effort to multiply the revengeful fury which  
garrison being unable to hold out longer, and  
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and they were consumed together.

RECEIPT FOR THE LADIES.  
[We extract the following from the manu-  
script receipt book of a first rate house-keeper.  
It may be of use to young married ladies.]

Composition Cake.—One pound of flour,  
one of sugar, half pound of butter, seven eggs,  
half a pint of cream, and a gill of brandy.

Tin Cake.—Three cups of sugar, three eggs,  
one cup of butter, one cup of milk, a small  
lump of pearl ash, and make it not quite as stiff  
as pound cake.

Loaf Cake.—Five pounds of flour, two of  
sugar, three quarters of a pound of fat, and  
the same quantity of butter, one pint of yeast,  
eight eggs, one quart of milk; roll the sugar  
in the flour, add the raisins and spice after the  
first rising.

Pot Cake.—One pint of dough, one teacup  
of sugar, one of butter, three eggs, one tea-  
spoonful of pearl ash, with raisins and spices.

Soft Gingerbread.—Six tea cups of flour,  
three of molasses, one of cream one of butter,  
one of sugar, and one of ginger, and one of pearl  
ash.

Hafers.—One pound of flour, quarter of a  
pound of butter, two eggs beat, one glass of  
wine, and a nutmeg.

Waffles.—Three pounds of flour, two of su-  
gar, one of butter, eight eggs, with a little ca-

raway seed; add a little milk if the eggs are  
not sufficient.

Soft Cakes in little pans.—One and a half  
pound of butter rubbed into two pounds of  
flour, add one wine glass of wine, one of rose  
water, two of yeast, nutmeg, cinnamon and  
currants.

Diol Bread.—One pound of flour, one of su-  
gar, nine eggs, leaving out some of the whites,  
a little mace and rose water.

Wafers.—Two pounds of flour, three  
quarters of a pound of sugar, half pound of  
butter, nine eggs, a little mace and rose water.

A light Cake baked in cups.—One and a half  
pounds of sugar, half pound of butter rubbed  
into two pounds of flour, one glass of wine,  
one of rose water, eight eggs and half a nut-  
meg.

Sponge Cake.—Five eggs, half pound of su-  
gar, and a quarter of a pound of flour.

Another.—One pound of sugar, nine eggs,  
the weight of four eggs of flour; beat the yolks  
and whites separate; mix the sugar and eggs  
together before you add the flour; a little  
nutmeg.

Another.—Five eggs, three cups of flour,  
two of sugar, and one and a half of butter, eight  
eggs, two tea spoonfuls of pearl ash, wine  
and plum; add very little flour.

Cream Cake.—Four cups of flour, three of  
sugar, one of butter, one of cream, five eggs,  
one tea spoonful of pearl ash; rub the butter  
and sugar together, then add the rest.

Shrewsbury Cake.—One pound of flour, three  
quarters of a pound of sugar, four eggs, one nutmeg,  
one glass of brandy.

Cake.—Three pounds of flour, one of  
butter, one of sugar, three eggs, two spoonfuls  
of cloves—mix it with molasses.

Cake.—One tea cup of butter, two of sugar,  
three of flour, and four eggs.

Cookies.—One tea cup of butter, one of su-  
gar, one egg, and flour.

To boil them.—It should be boiled in a large  
quantity of water, and that for a long time—  
one quarter of an hour for each pound—the  
rind to be taken off when warm. The ham is  
most palatable when cold, and should be  
served with the table with eggs, horse-radish  
and mustard. This affords a cheap repast at any  
time of day.

Bread pudding.—One pound of soft bread  
or biscuit, soaked in one quart of milk, run  
through a sieve or cullender; add seven eggs,  
three quarters of a pound of sugar, one quar-  
ter of a pound of butter, nutmeg, cinnamon,  
one gill of rose water, one pound raisins, half  
a pint of milk; bake three quarters of an  
hour, muddling hot oven.

Rice Pudding.—Half pint of rice, six ounces  
of sugar, two quarts of milk, salt, butter,  
and allspice, put cold into a hot oven, bake  
two and a half hours.

Indian Pudding.—Three pints of scalded  
milk, seven spoonfuls of fine Indian meal,  
sift well together while hot, let it stand until  
cooled, add four eggs, half pound of butter,  
spices and sugar—bake four hours.

## COLLECTANEA.

SOMNOLENCY.  
Dean Swift preached a sermon on this text  
from Acts.

"And there sat in a window a certain  
young man named Eutychus, being fallen  
into a deep sleep, and as Paul was long  
preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell  
down from the third loft and was taken up  
dead." He was, however, restored to life by  
Paul. The Dean commences thus:

I have chosen these words with a design, if  
possible, to disturb some part of this audience  
into a deep sleep, for the convenience  
and exercise whereof, this place, at this sea-  
son of the day, is very much celebrated.

There is, indeed, one mortal disadvantage  
to which preaching is subject; that those  
who, by the wickedness of their lives, stand  
in the greatest need, have usually the smallest  
share; for either they are absent upon the  
account of idleness, or spleen, or hatred to  
religion, or in order to dose away the inter-  
mission of the week, or if they do come,  
they are sure to employ their minds rather  
in other ways, than regarding or attending  
to the business of the place.

The accident which happened to this young  
man in the text, hath not been sufficient to  
discourage his successors; but because the  
preachers now in the world, however they  
may exceed St. Paul in the art of setting men  
to sleep, do extremely fill short of him in the  
working of miracles, therefore men ap-  
pear so cautious, as to choose more rare and  
convenient stations and postures for taking  
their repose, without hazard of their persons,  
and upon the whole matter, choose rather to  
trust their destruction to miracle, than their  
safety.

PROOFS OF AFFECTION.  
RELATED BY MR. CHURCH.

When a boy was one morning playing at  
marbles in the village school-house, with a  
heart and lighter pocket. The globe and the  
best waddy round, when suddenly there  
appeared amongst us a stranger, of a very re-  
markable and cheerful aspect, his intrusion  
was not the least restraint upon our merry  
little assemblage; on the contrary he seemed  
pleased and even delighted, he was a bene-  
volent creature, and the rays of industry (after  
all the happiest we shall ever see) perhaps  
near upon his memory. And thus I saw  
his first form, at the distance of half a century,  
just as he stood before me in the little  
barber's in the days of my childhood. His  
name was Bruce, he was the Rector of New-  
market. To me he took a particular fancy.  
I was winning and full of waggery, thinking  
every thing that was excellent, and by no  
means a miser of my eccentricities; every  
body was welcome to share of them, and I had  
plenty to spare after having freighted the  
company. Some secretaries easily bribed  
me home with him. I learn it from poor  
Bruce my alphabet, and my grammar, and  
the rudiments of the sciences. He taught me  
as he could, and then sent me to school at  
Middleton. In short, he made a man of me.

I recollect it was about five and thirty years  
afterwards, when I had taken to some ex-  
tremity at the bar, and when I had a seat in  
Parliament, on my return one day from  
court, I found an old gentleman alone in my  
drawing room; his feet familiarly placed on  
each side the Italian marble chimney-piece,  
and his whole air bespeaking the conscious-  
ness of a quiet at home. He turned round,  
and looking at me, said, "You are right; you  
are right. The chimney-piece is yours—the

pictures are yours—the house is yours. You  
gave me all I have—my friend—my father—  
my benefactor!" He smiled with me; and in  
the evening I caught the tear glistening in  
his fine blue eyes, when he saw poor Jack,  
his creature of his bounty, rising in the  
House of Commons to reply to a Right Hon-  
orable. Poor Bruce! he is now gone—and  
no miser had a larger deposit of practical  
benevolence in the court above. This is his  
wine—let us drink to his memory.

4th JULY TOASTS.—At Ebbw. M.  
By Mr. Robert Virtue, (a cabinet maker.)  
The cabinet of our country—May its mea-  
sures be conducted with skill and wisdom,  
and each secretary furnish a *business* suitably  
to the best interests of his country.

By Mr. John Kinkaid, (a sailor.) May  
the middle-end of the office never be occupied  
by the incompetent, nor rules of government  
deputed to those who require either the curb  
or spur.

By Mr. Adam Purves, (a tailor.) May the  
threat of that man's life be cut "who attempts  
to cutbush his country."

By Mr. Joseph Fisher, (a shoemaker.) The  
last of our country—May it end the end, and  
fit the understanding of our patriots who hold  
out even to the end.

By Mr. Al. xander Kinkaid, (a wheel and  
cartwright.) The wheel of general and state  
government—May they revolve in their proper  
track; and those who leave the right road,  
get up to the hub in the mire of difficulty.

By Mr. Philip D. Riley, (a tailor.) The  
enemies of our rights and liberties—May they  
be sheared to the quick; *sheared* with the  
goose, run through with the bodkin, and laid  
out on the board.

By Leven H. Shocks, (a farmer)—  
The harvest is plenty, the laborers are few,  
The return of this day makes still more to  
do.

For the crop that was sowed in '76,  
Gets larger and larger each year that we  
do.

A treaty with England, or a law of our own;<



of making the consequences of his death. Upon his arrival in the Kingdom, he was informed that the Englishman who was in the train of Queen Margaret, the sister of Edward the First, had been killed. There he soon acquired a general esteem, by his wisdom and good conduct, and his children, as they were employed in the public service, he was appointed Lord Steward of Scotland, and receiver of the revenues of the realm. From this office he and his descendants took the surname of Stuart, and from this root have sprung the royal power of that name, and many illustrious families of Scotland.—Selected from Warrington's Halls.

**BRENTA.**  
Our watery journey down Brenta, was indeed, delightful. Friendship, music, poetry, combined their charms with those of nature to enchant us and make one think the passage was too short. The scent of odoriferous plants, the smoothness of the water, the softness of the piano forte, which allured to the banks many of the gay inhabitants, who, glad of a change in the variety of their amusements, came down to the shore, and danced or sang as they went by, seized every sense at once, and filled me with unaffected pleasure. I longed to see the weeping willow planted along this elegant stream, but the Venetians like to see nothing weep. Miller says, "of all Europe, it prospers best in promiscuous Britain." Lonely Venice! wine in her canals, graves and steady in her just authority, splendid in her palaces, gay in her casinos, and charming in all. How sweetly the aged nightingales, when men are most silent, answer each other across the canals, increasing the enchantment of Venetian moonlight, while the full gondolas, skimming over the tide, with a lantern in their stern, like glow-worms on a dark evening, dash the cool wave to, as they glide along, leave no moments unmarked by peculiarity of pleasure.—[Lond. Times.]

**MADAME PASTA.**  
When Madame Pasta smiles, a beam of joy seems to have struck upon her heart, and to irradiate her countenance. Her whole face is bathed and melted in expression, and it glances from particular points. When she speaks, it is music. When she moves, it is without thinking whether she is graceful or not. When she weeps, it is a fountain of tears, not a few tickling drops, that glitter and vanish the instant after. Madame Pasta thinks no more of the audience than the fawn that droops in the gale, or the flower that droops in the dew. She gives herself entirely up to the impression of the part, loses her power over herself, is led away by her feelings, either to an expression of stupor or of artless joy—buries beauty from deformity, charms unbecomingly, and is transformed into the very being she represents. She does not act—she is it, looks it, breathes it. She does not study for an effect, but strives to possess herself of the feeling which should dictate what she is to do, and give birth to the proper degree of grace, dignity, ease, and force. This alone is true nature and true art.

**A carnation viewed through a microscope.**  
From an elegant bouquet, I selected a carnation, the fragrance of which led me to enjoy it frequently and near. The sense of smelling was not the only one affected on these occasions; while that was satisfied with powerful sweet, the ear was constantly attracted by an extremely soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal within the covert must be the musician, and that the noise must come from some little creature suited to produce it. I instantly detected the lower part of the flower, and placing it in full light, could discover troops of little insects, which with jolly among the narrow pedicels that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre.

What a fragrant world for their habitation! what a perfect security from all annoyance in the dusky hanks that surrounded the scene of action. Adapting a microscope to take in at one view the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and thus for many days together without giving them the least disturbance. Thus I could discover their economy, their passions, and their enjoyments.

The microscope on this occasion had given what nature seemed to have denied to the objects of contemplation.  
The base of the flower extended itself under its influence, to a vast plain, the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars, the threads in the middle seemed columns of a massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments, and the narrow spaces between were colonnades into walks, parterres, and terraces. On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone or in large companies, the winged inhabitants, these, from little dark flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stately and wild, with a glossy gold, that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison. I could at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings, their backs veined with the emerald in its blue, and their eyes each formed of a thousand other colours out glittering the little plain and brilliant about description, and almost too great for admiration. I could observe them here, singing out their favourite notes, courting their little loves, forming for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk. Here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy realised. Here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance, or in the triumphs of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees, or engaged their short flight to the heights of all felicity.

**Extraordinary Imposture.** The Hotel Monaco, which Marshal Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl, recently occupied, was formerly devoted to the reception of oriental ambassadors. Towards the end of the year 1714, a certain Mehmet Reschbeck, who called himself ambassador of the king of Persia, and the bearer of his commands, disembarked at Marseilles. He was received at two leagues from Paris by the Baron Breteuil, viceroy of ambassadors, and the Marshal de Matignon. On the 24th of January, 1715, he made his solemn entry into the capital with great pomp: he declined the royal carriage generally used on such occasions, and entered on horseback, preceded by the finest horses of the king's stables, superbly caparisoned, and trumpets and bands of music. The ambassador, richly arrayed in the Persian costume, was preceded by a numerous train of domestics, and followed by a herald bearing the Persian standard. The presents which he offered to the king were very inconsiderable. After passing a short time in France, during which he concluded, in the name of his pretended master, a treaty of alliance with Louis XIV. he sailed from Sweden and Denmark, and was never heard of after.

Reschbeck, according to the "Memoirs of the reign of Louis XIV." was a Portuguese Jew, who had never seen the prince he represented, nor even visited a single province

of Persia. The government paid the expenses of his embassy, which amounted to 1600 livres per day!

#### WEEKLY COMPENDIUM.

Of one hundred and forty-one patients admitted into the Friends' Asylum for the Insane, near Frankford, from the time it was opened in May 1815, down to the month of March, 1824, only eighteen remained in the house without much sensible improvement.

A dreadful murder was committed on the 24th ult. in Giles county, Tenn. A man named Lindsey, whilst walking arm in arm with his wife, to whom he had been only six months married, and in the presence of her mother and cousin, suddenly drew a pistol from his pocket and shot her dead.

Two brothers named Snow, lately arrived in Lebanon, (Pa.) from Indiana. They were weak and poor—asking alms by the way. Soon after leaving Lebanon, one of them fell exhausted—his brother went for help and refreshments, but found him a corpse on his return.

While some laborers were engaged upon the Union Canal, Pennsylvania, a bank caved in, and dashed a man named George Kneel against the wheel of a cart so that he died outright.

The number of strangers now at Saratoga, is not less than 1200; and among the number are Joseph Bonaparte and suite, who, it is understood, will continue during the warm season.

There is a disease among the horses in the neighbourhood of Georgetown, S. C. that proves very fatal. They are suddenly taken with a stiffness in the legs—then blunder about with their eyes staring wide open, perfectly blind, and in a few minutes drop down dead. A great many have died lately.

It is stated that a finished house without a tenant is not to be found in the city of New York.

The Virginia Convention met at Staunton on the 23th July, and made choice of the Hon. Wm. McCoy of Pendleton, President, Samuel M. Edwards, Esq. Secretary, and Mr. John Clarke, door-keeper. The object of this Convention is to devise means for amending the Constitution of that state, in those particulars wherein it is deemed defective.

The ships Constitution, Cyane, Erie and Ontario, arrived at Gibraltar on the 12th of June, from Messina. The ship North Carolina, Commodore Rogers, had sailed for Tangier. The officers and crews of the fleet were all well.

The editor of the Genua of Universal Emancipation has obtained from the customs-house, information of the number of slaves transported from Baltimore to New Orleans since the 23d of March last. They amounted to 129 in seven weeks, and were shipped in four vessels. The brig Lady Monroe carried away 29.

On Sunday last, a respectable lady in Baltimore was delivered of three children, two sons and a daughter—the mother and children are all doing well.

A specimen of the interesting Plant, the Night Blooming Cereus, in New York, has brought forth upwards of sixty buds. This plant is rare in this country.

A case of Small Pox has been reported by the Board of Health of Columbia, (S. C.) as having occurred at that place. The person afflicted has been removed out of town, and means have been taken to prevent all communication that may tend to spread the disease.

The following are the numbers drawn from the wheel, in the Delaware State Lottery, on Wednesday.

36, 21, 9, 15, 30.

The Governor of Georgia, in consequence of receiving the communication from General Gaines, has countermanded his orders requiring a portion of the militia of that state to hold themselves in readiness to march against the Indians.

The Colombian ship of 54 guns, which lately arrived here, is to be broken up, having been condemned as unworthy of repairs.

A public sale of 300 packages of American Cotton and Woolen Manufactures, is advertised to take place at Providence, R. I. on the 13th inst. The Providence Journal mentions that it is the intention of the manufacturers to get up regular annual sales of this description, and establish a home market for their fabrics.

The Barnstable Gazette mentions that the schooner Charlotte, Capt. Robbins, off the Cape, caught 31 halibut and 7 quinquas of cod fish, in one forenoon, the smallest of three of the halibut weighed 250 lbs. The whole was accomplished by five men.

The British frigate Phaeton, Captain Stuart, having on board the Right Hon. CHARLES B. VANDERBILT, Minister to the country from Great Britain, sailed on the 11th ult. and may be daily expected. She will go to New York, and will come up the Chesapeake, and land Mr. Vanderburgh at Annapolis.

The Greek committee at Paris, consisting of the Chateaubriands, the Fitzjames, the Ternaux, and other illustrious names, have sent Gen. Roche to Greece, whose arrival has been hailed by the Patriots with lively demonstrations of joy. He immediately proceeded to Patras, and it was supposed to be the object of his journey to assist in the reduction of that place.

The Washington City Gazette states, that Captains Cregginton and Deacon, of the Mediterranean squadron have both reached home under arrest, by order of Commodore Keble, and that more are daily expected from the same station.

A work was announced at Paris to appear in a few days, entitled a Relation of M. de Segur's History of the Russian Campaign, by Gen. Gourgaud. The work of Segur, notwithstanding the complaints of its error, maintained its popularity. The fifth edition was in the press.

Mr. Rush entered upon his duties, as Secretary of the Treasury, on the 1st inst.

The Chancellor of the State of New York has, in a unanimous decision, directed the title of "honor" and "excellence" to be stricken out of the proceedings of his Court. It is high time to dispense with such mere verbiage, for the use of which, in our government, there is not a shadow of a reason.

An establishment for printing calico is about to be established in Troy, New York. It is supposed the buildings and machinery will cost about one million of dollars. A large manufacturing house in Manchester, England, is said to be deeply interested in this establishment.

The brig Hannah and Elizabeth, from up James River, has arrived in Hampton Roads, on her passage to Cape Haytien, with the 87 negroes recently emancipated by Mr. David Minge, of Charles county, Va.

A lady of the name of Desvignes died at St. Ann's, Lower Canada, on the 23th ultimo, in consequence of a peg in a new shoe running into her heel and producing mortification.

During the last season there was shipped from Nashville, Tenn. 15,037 bales of cotton estimated to have produced in the New Orleans market, one million one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The growing crop is expected to exceed 30,000 bales.

It is expected that in a few days twenty four locks on the Union Canal line, will be completed, and that the water will, this fall, be let into the Eastern section of that Canal. This will open a water communication to Lebanon from this city, through a rich and populous country.

We learn by an arrival at New York, that the Governor of the Island of St. Thomas,

having heard that there was a piratical vessel in the neighbourhood, immediately armed an armed schooner, well manned by the Garrison, which soon after returned with her prize and 18 or 20 pirates—the piratical Captain and his first Lieutenant were killed in the engagement.

During a violent storm, on the 6th ult. in Kingswood, New Jersey, a sun fish four inches long rained down in the yard of Mr. Nathaniel Ashley. It was taken up alive, and immediately placed in a tub of water, where it swam about, and appeared very thankful that it had been restored to its native element.

The sickness which prevails at Key West, is attributed to the roots of the Mangrove tree, producing a miasmatic substance of a deadly nature, infecting the water on the island. Measures are now taking to cut off the trees and bushes on that island, and when cleared of these it is anticipated the place will be healthy.

Dogs and Fleas.—Sprinkle or wash the rooms and bedsteads with common salt and water, and these troublesome insects will entirely disappear.

A gang of counterfeiters have been detected in the Georgia penitentiary making false coin and bank notes.

Two fire broke out in Baltimore on Saturday morning—both supposed to have been occasioned by the torch of the incendiary.

Numerous fish have been found floating upon the waters of the Schuylkill, supposed to have died from a stroke of the sun!

The dysentery is raging to an alarming degree in the neighbourhood of Kutztown, Pennsylvania.

Many cases of death from heat, and cold water, have occurred in New Jersey. The Patterson Chronicle states it as a fact, that during the week ending the 24th ult. sixty six cases of serious attack, and five deaths occurred, from cold water, by heat, and drinking too freely of cold water.

At the last distribution of prizes, by the British Society of arts, the large silver medal, and a purse of 50 guineas, was awarded to Mr. J. Roberts, an indentured miner, for his apparatus to enable persons to breathe in air loaded with smoke and other suffocating vapours.

A useful hint.—The Warrenton, N. C. Reporter, which is printed on a sheet of medium dimensions, noticing the reception of an article offered for the press, adds the following seasonable suggestion:

"We are at all times delighted to hear from such correspondents, but we humbly suggest, that if their ideas could be expressed in less space, a greater certainty would follow that they would be generally read."

An eastern paper mentions the death of a lady who died in great agonies, and that this melancholy event was occasioned by the head of a pin which fell into her ear while she was making use of that little instrument in picking it. It should be borne in mind, that if any casualty of this kind occurs, human skill can afford no relief—it is beyond the reach of medicine, and beyond the power of a surgeon to afford a remedy.

The Monitor, printed at Cazenovia, Madison county, New York, says that that village, which 32 years since, was a wilderness, now contains nearly 1000 inhabitants, 3 houses for divine worship, 120 dwelling houses, 2 seminaries, 10 stores, 3 groceries, 3 drug stores, 3 milleries, 3 hat stores, 1 printing office, 1 paper mill, 1 furnace, 2 grist and 4 saw mills, 1 oil mill, 2 tanneries, 2 distilleries, 4 taylor, 2 cabinet-makers, 1 chair factory, 8 blacksmiths, 1 wagon maker, 1 goldsmith, 2 patent wire harness manufacturers, 1 wheel factory, 2 clothiers' shops, 3 public houses, &c.

His Netherlands Majesty's ship Pallas, Capt. J. C. Ryck, from Rotterdam, last from the island of Java, which place she left on the 18th ult. has arrived at Boston. The Boston Daily Advertiser says—"The Pallas is on a cruise of practical experiment and has on board an uncommon number of young officers of distinction, to perfect their nautical education. The Duke of Saxe Weimar, who, it is said, intends making the tour of the United States, came passenger in the P. The Pallas, on passing Fort Independence, fired a salute, which was returned by the fort."

What a nest?—We have heard of eggs, lying upon a nest in the sun, being roasted during the recent hot weather, and the fish in the Rhode Island ponds, and Pennsylvania rivers, being cooked for the table, but that is nothing in comparison with the effects of the heat at H. Kimer. The American of that place, stated in two gardens in that village, apples were plucked from the trees, last week, with one side of them roasted by the sun almost to a pulp.

The Salem Register of the 28th says, that a party of gentlemen of that town were returning from a fishing excursion on Wednesday, and discovered a large fish, which they brought home, and placed in the water. By help of sails and oars, in approaching the boat, they picked up a man who was swimming in the water, and a nearly exhausted, and coming up with the boat, they took from her bottom three men who were up to their necks in water! By the assistance of another boat, they righted the one which upset and bailed her out.

It appears by the New Brunswick papers, that an intense feeling exists among the persons immediately interested in the two routes proposed for the Delaware and Raritan Canal. Most of the landholders on one of the routes, are said to have offered their lands for nothing, and some of them considerable sums of money besides, to obtain the preference.

The location of the Canal is entirely left to the Commissioners, Messrs. White and Beach, who are expected to commence their surveys the beginning of next month.

The Delaware and Passaic Canal is now under excavation for a number of miles from Succasunna Plains eastward, and we are informed about 500 hands are already employed. We understand the directors have determined to lay out, as soon as possible, a portion westward of the summit level, towards the Delaware; and that contracts will shortly be ready for disposal on that district. An inclined plane upon Professor Van Rensselaer's plan, is contemplated to be finished. His opinion, that the experiment may be fairly tested.

A letter from Havana, of the 19th ult. received at Washington, says—"In consequence of letters received by the Captain General, by the brig Philadelphia, of and from Philadelphia, which arrived here this morning, he called a junta of General Officers, and all the troops were ordered to be got ready to march into the interior, to be ready to act at any point. Many of the natives show great symptoms of fear, but I apprehend without danger. The troops will, I believe, take up their line of march to-morrow evening."

Col. Goodwin's house, at Patterson, New Jersey, took fire on Monday morning last, but it was extinguished before much damage was done by that element. Col. G. himself dedicated a shoulder in descending the stairs too rapidly. The fire originated, as we are told, in consequence of "one of the servants getting up in the night, having had the tooth-ache, and passing through the room with a candle, it accidentally caught some table cloths hanging up in the room." This should serve

as another caution to servants, never to carry a candle when they have the tooth-ache!

A passenger came on board the steam-boat Thistle at New York, on Monday morning, for Philadelphia, ill of consumption, though with sufficient strength to walk to the boat with assistance. He expressed an expectation that the jaunt would be of service to him, and retired to the forward cabin to rest. Before reaching Brunswick it was discovered that he had quietly expired. We are informed that his name was Warren, and that he resided in his native Maryland. It was said that he lately arrived from France.

**EMANCIPATION.**—In addition to the fact of the emancipation of 70 slaves by Mr. Mises, of Virginia, the Richmond Whig of Friday last, says, that two instances of the triumph of philanthropy and patriotism, over the sordid selfishness of our nature, can be recited, equally as meritorious and splendid as that act of distinguished munificence. The Rev. Fletcher Andrews, an ordained minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, had received from the bounty of a dying relative, twenty slaves, at that time valued at \$10,000; shortly after he attained the age of twenty-one years, although he constituted nearly the whole of his worldly property, this amiable and pious man, generously emancipated every one of them. And Mr. Charles Crenshaw, a farmer, residing in the neighbourhood of Richmond, has recently manumitted all the slaves he owned, amounting altogether to sixty.

**FRESH MEATS.**—A medical friend hands us the following extract from "The Virginia House Wife," the publication of which he thinks very appropriate at this moment, when the utmost attention to wholesome food is necessary to the preservation of health.

"Few persons are aware of the injury they sustain, by eating the flesh of diseased animals. None but the Jewish butchers, who are paid exclusively for it, attend to this important circumstance. The best rule for judging, is the colour of the fat. When the fat of the beef is in a high shade of yellow, it should be rejected. If the fat of veal, mutton, lamb or pork have the slightest tinge of yellow, it should be rejected as diseased. The same rule holds good when applied to poultry."

The Canadian Courier states that upwards of 300 men are now engaged loading this enormous vessel, and ten horses are employed in raising the logs with the assistance of pulleys and tackle, from the ship's side. It is rather a novel spectacle to witness so many horses at work on a ship's deck, the same as if they were labouring in a field. Parties of pleasure to visit boats visit this vessel from Quebec, almost every day.

Cobbett, in a recent publication of his, calculates that there are two hundred thousand Catholics in England worth twenty pounds ready money each, which would make four millions of pounds. He advises all these to demand payment of the bank on a particular day, which he says would be an infallible way to restore the gold and silver currency. In Ireland, he says, there are six millions of Catholics, all of whom might show to his Grace of York their attachment to the family now upon the throne by a similar line of conduct.

**Hayti.**—That part sold by France to the Haytiens contains 2,500,000 acres, and they have agreed to pay 150,000,000 francs, or 60 francs per acre (about \$11) for its independence. The sum of \$28,000,000 (allowing 5 francs to be 94 cents) appears an enormous amount to be paid for the recognition of independence, after that independence had been obtained by conquest and enjoyed for twenty-five years. Some think that the government will be able to pay it with ease, and that the saving of the expense of armies and fortifications, heretofore necessarily kept up for defence against apprehended attacks from France, will of itself nearly satisfy the demand.

The editor of a paper printed in Ithaca, N. Y. gives the following account of a new mode of churning butter, practised in the interior of New York:

"Churning by wind! indeed 'tis true. We shall not attempt a more full description at present of this ingenious contrivance, than simply to say, that it is a contrivance, by means of which, the butter is churned, and the cream is separated, by means of a crank which is attached to a rod, regulated in its up-and-down motion—to the lower end of this rod is attached a lever, fastened to a pivot in the centre—and to the other end of the lever is affixed the dasher of a common churn. We saw it in operation, and merrily work it did make of it. The owner informed us that not a day transpired except his holy Sabbath, in which it did not perform its daily task."

A case of some novelty was tried before the Mayor's Court at its late session. The following, among other facts, were disclosed. John Otto, a comb maker and B. C. Teese, a name not unknown to fame, in our criminal courts, had determined upon a new plan of defrauding the Banks. Otto opened an account in the Philadelphia Bank, by depositing about three hundred dollars. Several checks were drawn and other deposits made. At length the book of Otto was settled, when it exhibited a balance in his favor of about thirty dollars. He immediately drew a check for that sum, and he was forced to cash it at the Bank instead of two hundred and fifty-five dollars—his balance instead of thirty, should be nearly three hundred dollars.

An anonymous letter gave some clue to this fraud. One of our high constables went to Newark and brought back B. C. Teese, who while he had been there, had transmitted two forged checks for \$169 on the Schuylkill Bank, for the purpose, as he said of shewing the Banks and the Police, that although he was not in Philadelphia, yet that still there he was, and he could get left behind. The woman who took these checks was arrested, and her testimony shed much light on the plans of these conspirators. Otto and Teese, on their side, sat down to a table, and Teese, on similar checks to those Otto sent to the Bank, would copy the checks filled up and signed by Otto, until he became quite perfect. The prisoners were convicted, Otto was sentenced to three years imprisonment at hard labor, and Teese to twenty four years.—Democratic Press.

**Robber Taken.**—Burrows, a fellow who robbed Capt. Minter, at Baltimore, of 500 dollars, has been arrested in bed at Brown's Hotel, Washington, brought back, and lodged in Baltimore jail: he immediately confessed his guilt. While a passenger coming from St. Charles, he went by the name of Charles Burrows, but he now says his name is Charles H. Ed. and so entered his name at the stage office. At Washington he spent some of the money for clothing, and in Baltimore for a gold watch; these, with about twenty dollars, is all that has been obtained from him. He is a young man of good appearance, and says he is a native of Halifax, N. S. where his connections live.

A letter has been received by a merchant in Baltimore, from his correspondent in Charleston, S. C. which mentions that this Burrows, alias Ed. was a well known and a very accomplished villain, having committed robberies there, but fortunately the property had been recovered. The letter

represents him as a most dangerous fellow, and says the public ought to be cautioned to beware of him. It is probable some further developments will take place when he is put upon his trial.

**Completion of the New York Canal.**—The ceremony of laying the keystone of the double combined locks at Lockport, and the accompanying ceremonies, have been described as highly interesting and imposing. It could scarcely have been otherwise, surrounded as the assembled multitude were by the most stupendous exhibitions of human power and labour. On the slabs of polished marble which have been laid in the ends of the middle wall of this noble flight of locks, are appropriate inscriptions, furnished, we understand, by the canal commissioners. They are quite unlike some that have proceeded from other sources, avoiding the language of individual and invidious eulogy, and ascribing to a whole people the merit of the accomplishment of these great works of art and industry. On the slab at the lower end are the following words:—"Erie Canal. Let posterity be excited to perpetuate our free institutions, and to make still greater efforts than their ancestors, to promote public prosperity, by the recollection that these works of internal improvement were achieved by the spirit and perseverance of AMERICAN FREEMEN." On the slab at the upper end—"The Erie Canal, 362 miles in length, was commenced the 4th of July, 1817, and completed in the year 1825, at an expense of about 7,000,000 dollars, and was constructed exclusively by the citizens of the State of New York."

#### THE GREEK GUN.

We have heard before of the safe arrival at Leghorn of the cannon, &c. sent by Mr. McKim, of New York, as a present to the Greeks, from some gentlemen of that city, but as the following gives some information which we were not before in possession of, we have no doubt it will be read interest.

Extract of a letter, dated Florence, March 20, 1825.

"On the 26th of February, arrived at Leghorn, the American brig Pedler, capt. Bray, belonging to Messrs. Bruens, of New York, having on board a forty-two pounder, presented to the Greeks, last year, by Alderman McKim, of that city, together with various warlike ammunition, for the use of the Greeks. The nature of the destination of these articles made a lively impression in Tuscany, and a contrary sensation between the people and the government, because, in quality of neutral, the latter did not perceive, with pleasure, that the port of Leghorn should have been made a depot for arms, to serve in war against one of their allies, and because, in their conduct in this is a violation of the laws of foreign powers. In spite of this, however, they permitted the unloading the above articles, which have been re-shipped for their destination."

The writer of the letter says he thinks the people of the United States ought not to be ignorant of this disposition of the Tuscan government, and of the danger of a seizure of such articles, sent from America to Leghorn for Greece—and he suggests, as the safest and surest means of their certain conveyance, is to make out the bills of lading directly for the Greek government, at Napoli di Romania.

#### LA FAYETTE.

General La Fayette entered Lancaster on the 27th ult. The volunteer battalions of the city and county, were drawn up in a line in a field about two miles east of the city, which the General entered a few minutes before 4 o'clock. After reviewing the troops and receiving their salute, the General and suite were received between the battalions of Infantry, flanked by the Dragoons. The Civic Procession under the direction of the Chief Marshal and Assistants followed. This part of the procession was exceedingly handsome, well arranged and well conducted. The procession entered the city about half past five, passed through some of the principal streets, in all of which splendid and beautiful arches had been erected; and at a quarter past 7, the General was received at Mr. Shynaker's hotel, by the Mayor and Councils. The General then dined with the Mayor and Councils, after which he retired. On Thursday afternoon, the 28th, after receiving the visits of many citizens, he visited the public school. After visiting Mrs. Brien, a daughter of the late General Hand, and some other aged and respectable citizens, General La Fayette sat down to a public dinner in the Court House; after which he attended a party in the Masonic Hall, where many respectable ladies were introduced to him. The General and suite, accompanied by the Mayor, the Baltimore committee, Col. Hentland, and the fine Yager Band, arrived in Baltimore on the night of the 29th, from Port Deposit, in the steamboat Northfolk, Capt. Owen, which had been dispatched in the morning to receive him at Port Deposit. The Baltimore papers say, the General was conducted to Port Deposit by a deputation from Lancaster, in a very handsome style, and that he was received with great enthusiasm by the citizens of Hartford and Cecil counties, who assembled in great numbers at Port Deposit; and was waited on, on his way down the river, by some of the citizens of Havre-de-Grace. After staying several days in Baltimore, the General set out for Washington City, where he arrived on the 1st inst. accompanied by one of the sons of the President of the United States, who had gone out some miles on the Baltimore road, with the carriage of the President, to meet and conduct the General to town. The General was attended by his son and secretary, and on reaching the city, proceeded immediately to the mansion of the President, whose guest he will be during his stay.

#### LONDON PARAGRAPHS.

**LONDON TRADERS.**—There is no place in the world where industry and a talent for making money are more certainly rewarded than in London. No matter how obscure the business of the London trader, he has with the proviso aforesaid, chances without precedent, to become distinguished for opulence. There are 40,000 trading firms in that city. Of these the hatterdashers, though in a small way, carry on a great business. One alone is known to receive on an average one million and a half sterling a year, or about 4000 guineas a day.

There are other houses receiving £1000 a day. There was a famous cutter, Mr. Clark, who retailed his small wares to such purpose, on Exeter Change, as to amass a million of money, and while he paid £7000 a year to government as income tax, he only spent a shilling a day for his own dinner! Mr. Walker, the sugar baker, who died worth £250,000 a few years since, was originally poor to a wretched degree, and was Lord Mayor, was in early life a waiter at the Hoop and Bunch of Grapes tavern, Hatfield Garden. Alderman Rates, and the amiable Alderman Smith, both kept public houses, and the latter had been also a gentleman's waiter. Crooby, the spoon maker, was originally a charcoal boy, and died a few years ago worth £60,000.

There is a pavior now or recently living in London, who is worth £250,000. The famous Mr. Rothschild, who has been called the "king of Jews and the Jew of kings," was a dealer in Manchester cloths, originally, and now pos-

sesses millions, and is the prime mover of the most important loans in Europe.

Every body is beginning to complain of the inflammation of the eyes has been the first place, it is discerned that they commonly prevalent of late, and they are attributed to the fine particles of granite dust, which cannot be kept out of the eyes, even when once in. The owners of granite dust, because, being very hard and gritty, it scrapes off the varnish when the carriage is cleaned. People who have no carriage, and who have, therefore, no feeling for granite dust, quarried with Macadam's dirt upon the wheels of his extraordinary substance is not washable, while, in fine dry weather his varnish is the air, fly away on the wind, and torment our eyes as we have already described, eating them over with flour of granite, in such a sort that, if we can see at all, we may be a most penetrating generation seeing through millstones—a thing which our fathers, if proverbial, could never accomplish before. To compensate for the destruction of our sight, for the wear and tear of varnish, for the sloughs, we enjoy the unpleasant advantage of not hearing the noise of carriages, which used to warn us to get out of the way, if we did not desire to be run over! The sooner the stones are laid down again the better, and let travellers carefully note down their journals that Macadamised roads are a gold for the country, but had for a metropolitan.

General Gaines has reported to Governor Troup officially, the result of his interview with the Greeks hostile to M'Intosh. The M'Intosh party demanded retaliation for the fallen chiefs with the immediate restoration of property taken or destroyed. Their demands were founded on the 8th article of the treaty of Fort Mifflin—which promises on our part, "protection to the emigrating party, against the whites and all others, which party they (the followers of General M'Intosh) consider themselves exclusively to be." The party opposed to M'Intosh have engaged to restore all the property taken, and to pay for all that has been destroyed, contrary to law, and they have promised to allow a reasonable time to those who have borrowed, and run of money out of their national treasury, to reimburse the same. This party General Gaines declares embraces forty-nine chiefs of the Creek nation, all of whom strongly and unanimously objected to the late treaty, and the offering of fraud, entered into contrary to the known law and determined will of the nation, and by persons not authorised to treat. They refused to receive any part of the consideration money due under the treaty, or to give any other evidence of their acquiescence in it.

It is stated in the Southern papers that the troops stationed near Pensacola, have been marched, under orders from the War Department, to Fort Mitchell in Georgia. They are commanded by Major Donohoe, and, when united with those which have gone to New Rouge, will make a body of six or seven hundred effective and well disciplined men.

#### TEXAS ASSOCIATION.

NASHVILLE, (Tenn.) July 6.—More than three years since, a company of individuals associated themselves together, for the purpose of attempting to procure a grant of land from the government of Mexico, in the province of Texas. Pursuant to this design, agents were despatched from hence to the city of Mexico, carrying with them a memorial to the existing government, expressing their views and wishes. The agents visited there a short time previous to the accession of Iturbide as emperor of Mexico. This, together with subsequent revolutions in the government of the country, retarded the progress of their mission, so that all returned home without having accomplished any thing final, with the exception of Captain Lettice, of Russellville, Ky. one of the delegates, who was deputed from this place. With a persevering zeal equal to the most arduous undertaking, he remained in the capital of Mexico, awaiting a favourable opportunity to accomplish the objects of his mission, and using the most unceasing efforts towards its completion. His exertions have at length been crowned with success. By letters received from Captain Lettice, one dated at Saltillo, in April, and at New Orleans in June, so to return homeward, we are informed, that he has obtained a grant of land in Texas, of between six and eight millions of acres, designed for the settlement of 800 families. We are not possessed of the precise boundaries of this grant, nor of the particular terms upon which it is made; but from previous information, we are induced to believe, that the grant is made along the border line of Louisiana, being a part of the territory heretofore claimed by the United States, and ceded away in exchange for Florida. Of the value of these lands there are various opinions; but they are evidently of great value, and were with great reluctance yielded up by many of our western politicians. Of the terms of the grant, we cannot speak with certainty. One condition no doubt is, that a certain number of settlers shall be procured—an exemption from taxation for five years, and subordinate officers of their own choice. There are many who engaged in this adventure, who have entertained the most distant idea of becoming settlers of the country themselves; and a large majority will probably decline such an undertaking—but there will be doubtless enough found willing to go, who are not concerned, to comply with the requisitions of the grant. And should the anticipations of many be realized in any reasonable time, that the province of Texas will, by treaty, purchase, or otherwise, be annexed to the territories of the United States, the acquisition would thus prove to the holders of immense value.

From the New York American of Monday.

A very melancholy accident occurred in the East River on Saturday, which resulted in the death of three persons. Mrs. Davies, wife of a respectable merchant in the Havana, and one particularly distinguished for his kindness to Americans, having arrived with his children and servants at quarantine, was advised, instead of spending the protracted time imposed by law on vessels and passengers from Cuba



[illegible]



